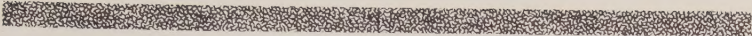


THE REAL WORLD OF ALTERNATE ID ACQUISITION


D.P. ROCHELLE

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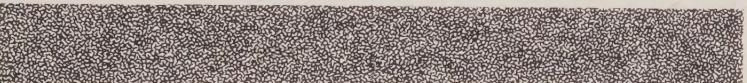
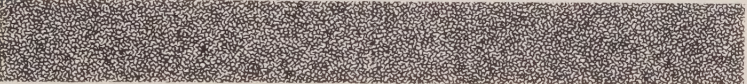


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ALTERNATE ID
ACQUISITION**



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D.P. ROCHELLE



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The Real World of Alternate ID Acquisition

by D. P. Rochelle

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WARNING

Note: This pamphlet is for informational purposes only. Laws regarding the obtaining of birth and death certificates of persons other than oneself vary from state to state. In many states, such documents are not regarded as public records, and some of the methods I have pursued, as described below, may be illegal in these states. Names of persons, counties, and states have been changed to protect the innocent, but more especially to protect myself.

◆◆◆ GETTING A BIRTH CERTIFICATE

If you are in the market for a new identity, you will want a driver's license, state ID card, passport, and even credit cards in your new name so that you can comfortably cruise wherever you please without hassles. The best and safest kind of ID you can get is real, issued in good faith by the proper authorities.

You don't want to be caught with forged papers or ID cards on your person. At best, they tend to undermine your credibility. At worst, they subject you to the inconvenience of possible detainment against your will at any point along your route where a law-enforcement officer might happen to pull you over and ask to see your license. This is not my idea of traveling in style, and I doubt that it is what you have in mind, either. And if getting thrown into a county lockup for driving with a fake license sounds unpleasant, imagine how you'd feel watching a Turkish customs official scrutinize your forged passport!

To get authentic alternative ID, you will first need to secure a birth certificate.

The birth certificate you want is a real government document; there is nothing phony about it. (It is, however, someone else's birth certificate, and not yours.) With this piece of paper in your possession, you'll be able to get all of the other ID you need without too much trouble.

The best part is that all of your new identification will be real, not a collection of forgeries. There will be no White-

Out, coffee-stained paper, or faked signatures to worry over, because every license, document, and certificate will be duly authorized and notarized by a member in good standing of the appropriate branch of your local, state, or federal government. Each piece of ID will be signed, sealed, and delivered in good faith and as a matter of course.

But, you may wonder, if this birth certificate does not belong to me, to whom does it belong? What if some connections cross? The true owner will discover that someone is using his identity. He'll report this discovery to the authorities. Then what?

Don't worry about it. This will never happen to you. You won't ever cross paths with the true owner of your birth certificate, because that person no longer exists. And he left behind no criminal record that might trip you up later, either. You will, in fact, inherit very little from him, aside from his name and a clean slate. He died as a little child, with nothing much else to bequeath in the way of public records.

There are plenty of books and pamphlets on the market that will tell you how to get the birth certificate that is a prerequisite for the passport, driver's license, state ID card, and other paper you need for a new identity. How accurate are these publications?

Sitting around one rainy afternoon, leafing through a pile of ID change books, I wondered whether the authors had tried the schemes they proposed. How many of their ideas were original plans which had been tested and found to work? How many were merely the result of conjecture, or embellishments on the themes of other authors? How many were perhaps valid back when they were first hypothesized, but how inaccurate have they become as a result of changing times and concomitant fluctuations in bureaucratic systems? Nothing, I reflected, wears its age less gracefully than an outmoded scam.

Bearing this in mind, I set out to test what is generally considered to be the best and safest means of alternate ID acquisition: the classic, or infant death, method. Dauntless and intrepid I was not -- or at least, not all of the time -- but I

intend, in the course of the following pages, to disclose not only when I got cold feet, but why, and what I consequently did to remedy the situation.

While I would certainly hesitate to call the authors of some other alternate ID books a pack of liars, I do feel that they have not always been as forthcoming with the truth about their own experiences in the world of ID acquisition as one might wish.

I will carefully outline the steps I took, even the faux pas, and will truthfully tell what, if anything, resulted from each step.

With the aid of this book, you too can glean authentic birth certificates, just as I did, but with this advantage: You will be able to learn from my mistakes, and therefore will no doubt be able to attain the paper necessary to augment your new identity far more rapidly than I did.

Read on.

◆◆◆ USING THE CLASSIC METHOD IN THE GRAVEYARD

To obtain a birth certificate by the classic method, you must first discover the name of someone born the same year you were born, or at least around the same time, who died during childhood. This person must be of the same sex and race as yourself. You will also need to know where and on what date he was born, as well as his mother's maiden name and his father's complete name.

This is the basic information you will need to get the birth certificate from any state or county office. Some states, however, will also require additional data.

How does one go about unearthing all of these facts and figures? I read that one way is to visit a cemetery, and this is what I tried first.

It was a golden day in early autumn. There were many huge old deciduous trees in Longview cemetery, and their leaves were just beginning to turn red and yellow; the sun shone through the foliage like a blaze of glory against a preternaturally blue sky.

Despite the beauty of my surroundings, I must say that I felt qualms about my mission. To read the tombstones was to read the story of generations of local residents. Civil War soldiers slept side-by-side with their great-great-grandchildren. Who was I to wander among their graves, scribbling notes on my yellow legal pad, attempting to steal the identity of a dead child? It seemed to me that I was trespassing on hallowed ground for reasons that were little

short of sleazy.

I was glad, of course, to find a marker which read: Ronald Balthazar Quick, July 27 to 28 1945. This was a child who, had he not died, would now be almost exactly the same age as I was. I also felt a chill, however, as if what I was doing were being watched by unseen spirits.

My mother lost a child to whooping cough long ago, and it occurred to me that, were someone standing on his grave with the intention of usurping his identity, whether she was in Poughkeepsie or Sri Lanka, my mother would know. Any mother would.

Hurriedly, I took down the information and fled the scene, haunted by the sensation that I was being watched all the while. As I pulled out of the parking lot in my old blue Pontiac, however, the only witness appeared to be a large black Labrador retriever, who silently regarded my departure. He had been following me around the grounds, in a casual sort of way, and had been the only other visitor to the cemetery I saw that day. I suspected though, that he was more interested in the rabbits I saw scudding about the area than in an alternate ID.

This unpleasant feeling I experienced, call it what you will -- superstition, religious compunction, or whatever -- should be discussed here, as I have not found any mention of it in any of the other new-ID books I have read.

Why should this subject be excluded? Could it be that the other books were written by men of sterner stuff than I, men who do not have one superstitious bone in their respective bodies? Very probably. Or perhaps they don't care to admit to such feelings. I wouldn't either, were I not writing under a pseudonym.

It is difficult to believe, however, that I am the only person who has ever felt uncomfortable with using what is euphemistically called "the classic method of new ID acquisition." The mention of dead babies is enough to make even trained mercenaries cringe. For this reason, I will tell you how to overcome this difficulty, should you ever experience discomfort in employing the classic method yourself.

As I will explain further on in this text, I had designs upon the identities of various infants during the process of obtaining an alternate birth certificate. As I learned more about these infants, I came to a sort of understanding with them, or so I imagined, at any rate. This understanding gave me a sense of having made peace with the dead.

Here is my secret, and one that I hope will prove useful to you: I came to believe that, by assuming the identity of a person who died in infancy, I gave him a chance, by proxy, of living a full life. By bonding with his spirit in this way, I was somehow merging with him in a mutually beneficial partnership.

This psychic, or psychological, solution to my dilemma took weeks to develop. As I left the cemetery that first day, I was nowhere near achieving a sense of inner peace -- quite the contrary! Instead, I was riddled with guilt, and this guilt now affected the way I proceeded with my ID acquisition attempt.

I fell into a mistake very common among novice criminals, as well as people who, while not criminals in actual fact, still feel like felons: I overacted my role, and made excessive use of disguise techniques. In other words, I protested too much!

When I called the vital statistics office of my state to find out the current requirements for obtaining death certificates (it is important to do this, because the new-ID books are all out of date in this regard), I was quite certain that the clerk on the other end of the line could tell that I was trying to score fake ID. My motives, I felt, must be obvious to all! I explained to her, therefore, that I was only asking in order to gather information for my old Aunt Minnie, who was compiling family records. The clerk didn't sound interested.

"Uh huh," she said. "Send six dollars, and for the death certificate you need to list full name, date of death, and place of death. Thank you, 'bye."

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Why, you may ask, was I trying to get the death certificate of Ronald Balthazar Quick? What good would that do? One can't, after all, pre-

sent a death certificate to a clerk in a passport or driver's license office and expect to pass it off as proper identification.

The reason for sending for the death certificate is that, in most states, it is easier to get than the birth certificate, requiring less information. One can usually obtain the death certificate without knowing one's mother's maiden name, for example. This bit of information is required to obtain the birth certificate. And, if you don't happen to know what the mother's maiden name is, you can find out from the death certificate. There is also a lot of other useful data to be found there.

Because my state of mind was still so unsettled, I could not find it within myself to simply fill out a form for a death certificate, or type a plain and simple request. I made a mistake that all of the new-ID books warn against: I involved another person in my scheme by asking a woman friend to write the letter for me. (There have been no adverse effects because of this so far, however, nor do I expect that there will be any.)

My friend wrote a letter at my behest, on cheap floral stationery, using black ink, pretending to be an elderly woman. She gave the pertinent information along with a little story about how the certificate was needed for her neighbor, the mother of the deceased, who was compiling a family history.

Looking back, I can see that the rose-bordered writing paper and black ink, rather than providing an effective disguise, must have stood out like the proverbial sore thumb. Most of the mail received by that department looked completely different, I'm sure, with official request forms and letters typed, penciled and ballpoint-penned on plain white or lined paper predominating.

In my quest for anonymity, I had inadvertently used a letter that was such an anachronism that it surely must have drawn attention. This didn't really matter, however, since the people who work in government health and vital records departments are generally too busy to pay much attention to minor

discrepancies. As long as you send them the information and money required by the state, they will send you your certificate. It is not their job to play detective and, besides, they are too overworked to give free rein to their suspicions.

The above is not meant to encourage sloppiness or foolhardiness, but rather to encourage those who are timid about requesting birth and death certificates. Remember, the clerks in state and county offices handle just such requests all day, five days a week. To them, your request is just one out of thousands, a simple matter of routine.

I did not want to send a personal check to the vital records department along with my letter because, of course, I was too afraid that I could be traced should an FBI investigation be launched to determine the legitimacy of my request. (Although it is unlikely that such an investigation would ever take place, for the same reason set forth above, it is a good idea to conduct all of the steps of new-ID acquisition as anonymously as possible.)

Instead, I sent a money order, which my friend signed with her assumed name. As a return address, I used my office, since I thought that I could be traced more easily through my home address. Several different people used the office, and the mail carrier would deliver the mail no matter whose name was on it.

Ten days after I mailed off the request, I received a form letter from the vital records department in the mail. A clerk had typed in "must be sent to relative." I did not get my six dollars back; the fee is for the search, and the price is the same whether or not you receive the document you ask for.

The death certificate could not be sent to anyone but a relative of the deceased, eh? This was a new one on me, but not, I thought, too great a challenge. I wrote the following message, using a Bic pen and Big Chief tablet this time:

Sir or Madam:

Enclosed please find a money order for six dollars. I am writing for a death certificate. Ronald Balthazar Quick is

my brother, or would have been -- he
died before I was born, on 7/28/45, in
Ojibwa County of this state. My mother
wants the certificate for family records.
Thank you.
Francis R. Quick

In about two weeks, I received the following reply:

In response to your recent inquiry,
a careful search of the files has been
made. However, we are unable to find the
record with the information you have sent
to us.
Deanne Saxony
Clerical Supervisor

This seemed very strange to me, but I decided to see
whether perhaps the death certificate might be filed only
with the county through some mistake. I went to the county
health department and picked up a form. Might as well try
doing things the official way, I thought; after all, that's how
to succeed when you're dealing with a bureaucracy. Don't
try to be original -- it will only get you into trouble!

I took the form home, filled it out carefully, and mailed it
back to the vital records division of the county health
department.

One week later, I received a reply from the deputy
registrar, a sort of "sorry-I-can't-help-you" form letter, with
various reasons for refusal to choose from. Checked off on
my letter was the box for "We have no record of this death
in Ojibwa County."

So, I thought, the Quicks didn't file a death certificate for
their child. I guessed that their grief was too great at the time
to allow them to attend to such mundane matters, although it
did seem that the coroner or the funeral home would see that
the correct forms were filled out and sent to the proper
authorities for the record. Perhaps I had the date wrong; al-

APPLICATION FOR BIRTH AND DEATH CERTIFICATES

In response to your recent inquiry, the fee for each certified copy of a birth or death record, or a search of the files if no record is found, is \$6.00 each. Please complete the attached application and return it with the correct fee to the address shown above.

Please note that birth and death records are not public records and copies may be issued only to those with a direct and tangible interest in the record.

NOTE: *We will accept personal checks and money orders for the amount of the purchase only. **We cannot be responsible for cash sent through the mail.***

We are returning your correspondence for the following reason:

____ Fee not enclosed. Return completed application with \$6.00 for each copy. Wallet Size: \$10.00 each.

____ Incorrect fee enclosed. Return application with \$6.00 for each copy requested. Wallet size: \$10.00 each.

____ Inadequate information provided. Please complete attached form [provided if applicable].

____ Information provided does not establish a direct and tangible interest in the record requested.

____ Information requested is not available from this office. Document must be sent to a relative. Please contact:

Immediate return mail service may be obtained by one of the following methods:

1. If you have a Visa or MasterCard.
2. Special Delivery stamped return envelope--\$10.00 per copy requested.

though, as I had copied it from the tombstone, this seemed unlikely. Could, perhaps, the death have occurred in another county, even though the child was buried in Ojibwa? Back to the cemetery I went in order to check it out.

Autumn was in another phase now. Indian summer had passed, superseded by dank, rainy weather all too appropriate for graveyard visiting. I didn't wear old clothing suitable for mucking about in the elements, however; instead I donned sensible but expensive tweeds. I was going to go to the cemetery office to talk with the record keeper, and this respectable outfit would be my disguise. Not that the record keeper would necessarily care what I wore. A disguise, I have always believed, is more for the benefit of the wearer than the beholder. It helps him act out the part he is to play, and has the magical property of making him feel that he is not a liar.

Despite my disguise, I was nervous as I approached the cemetery office, rehearsing what I was going to say. I had intended to appear casual, but I'm afraid the truth is that, as I pushed open the door, I blurted out my story like some simpleton in a dither.

"Hello, my name is Benny Quick. I'm interested in finding out more about my family. I wonder, could you help me find the family records and where some of my relatives are buried?" I inhaled noisily. Surely, I thought, I'm not going to start hyperventilating?

I probably would have done so, except that the elderly lady whom I had been addressing smiled at me kindly and began to speak as calmly and matter-of-factly as if blithering idiots like me appeared before her every day of the week to investigate family burial arrangements. Maybe they did.

Her name was Mrs. Maupassant. She looked and acted as reassuring and kindhearted as a television granny, but not as dim-witted.

"Oh, heavens, yes," she was saying as she dusted off a great leather-bound volume she had just dragged down from a shelf. "People do get reticent about speaking of the relatives who've passed away, especially the little ones. And

APPLICATION FOR CERTIFIED COPY OF A DEATH CERTIFICATE

(This form must be completed in full.)

FEES:

Regular Service: Record mailed within 4 weeks or less. \$6.00 per copy or per search of files if no record is found.

Priority Service: Record mailed within 5 days. \$10.00 per copy or per search of files if no record is found.

When date of death is unknown, there is an additional charge of \$1.00 per year searched beyond one year.

VITAL RECORDS:

FULL name of the deceased person (at time of death).

Place of death. _____

Date of death. _____

Purpose of this copy. _____

These records are confidential. Please state your relationship to the deceased. _____

Your signature. _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Your daytime telephone number () _____

PENALTY BY LAW if any person alters, uses, or attempts to use or furnishes to another for deceptive use or supplies false information for any vital statistics certificate.

then it is so hard to find out about them!"

As she spoke, there was a sudden increase in the rainfall outside, accompanied by a heavy drumming sound.

"Don't you find it awfully gloomy working here?" I asked, looking out the window. The grounds, so beautiful when last I was here, now resembled a scene from an Edgar Allan Poe book I owned. There was nothing particularly frightening about the graveyard today, but it was, to my mind, decidedly dreary.

"No, I never find it gloomy here," Mrs. Maupassant said. "I think that it's such a pleasant, tranquil place. And then, too, it's nice when folks like you take an interest -- well, now, here we are!"

Radiant, she pointed out the entry she had just found. The dates, the names, were the same as those I had sent to the state and county vital records offices. Other information was also recorded in the book, and I found that Ronald Balthazar Quick had indeed died in Ojibwa County. Both of his parents were now dead as well, and buried here. His mother's maiden name had not been entered.

"I hope I've been of help to you, Mr. Quick," Mrs. Maupassant was saying as I prepared to venture out again into the rain. I assured her that she had, and thanked her for all of her help.

"Good-bye, Ronald," I said softly as I pulled out of the parking lot. Little Ronald Balthazar Quick was going to be left to rest in peace, at least as far as I was concerned. I saw that there was no way I was going to get his birth certificate, if in fact one existed.

POINTS TO REMEMBER:

1. Birth and death certificates are filed both at the county and state level. Some large cities also maintain files of birth and death certificates.
2. Telephone information will help you locate the correct government office. Always call to get information before

you send for documents, as this will save you time. Fees and required information vary between states, and the new-ID books you may refer to can often be out of date.

3. It is easier, in most cases, to obtain a death certificate than a birth certificate. If you do not have all of the data required to receive a birth certificate, you will probably find it on the death certificate.

4. If possible, use a street address as your return address. Some government offices will not mail IDs or other documents to a post office box.

ROBBING THE CRADLE, ROBBING THE GRAVE

With the weather turning cold and wet, I began to conduct my searches at the public library instead of the graveyard. Our library maintains microfilm of the local newspaper as well as *The New York Times*, from the present all the way back to 1920. Your library probably has similar resources.

I selected the local *Daily Herald* first, looking at the spool for the year I was born. I skimmed the obituaries, looking for dead babies, a cheerless enough task, but with no success.

Two-year-old twins burned to death in Houston in a housefire; wrong race.

Three-year-old boy found dead of hypothermia in Yavapai County, Arizona. No name; child unidentified.

Nine-year-old boy hanged himself in Brooklyn; too old.

I had gone through a whole year of obits with nothing to show for it! It was growing dark outside already, and I was tired of the library. For some reason, I decided to give it one more try, and, replacing the *Daily Herald* microfilm for 1945, I picked up 1946 and threaded it into the reader/copier.

Almost immediately, I found a likely infant. Richard Duncan McKay, born January 5, 1946, died the next day without ever leaving the hospital. A local boy, he was buried at Longview Cemetery. I sent a dime rattling into the innards of the microfilm reader/copier I was using and made a reproduction of the article for my records. Then, for good

measure, I looked at *The New York Times* for the same year.

In luck again! I found a small notice sent in by the parents of a five-month-old boy who died at home of suffocation in one of the Southern states. He had been given a humorous name: Michael DeLyon Hart. His parents were probably a young couple at the time of his birth, in a light-hearted mood, with, of course, no inkling of the cruel trick fate was soon to play. The middle name "DeLyon," coming before the last name "Hart" must have struck them as quite amusing and clever. His date of death was given, but not his date of birth. Mother's maiden name was not included. I made a copy of this obit too.

There was also a ghastly little article that caught my eye. It began as follows:

Parents Leave Baby Dead in Crib Five Days

Five-month-old Daniel Pierre Rochelle lay dead in his crib because his parents could not agree who should call the undertaker, the mother told police today. Mrs. Therese Rochelle said she found the baby dead when she came home from a New Year's Eve celebration.

Apparently, Mr. Rochelle had found the home scene somewhat stressful, as he soon ran off and hid someplace where his better half was unable to contact him. The death was not reported until the landlord, who happened to be in the neighborhood, decided to pop in and collect the rent. He perceived that the baby was dead and called the police.

I sensed immediately that this was something different. A baby is not left dead in his crib for five days unless something is very wrong. A cruel trick had been played here as well, but my guess was that it was played by one of the parents rather than by fate. I invested another dime and copied this article as well.

With three leads to follow up, I felt sure of success. The first one, Richard Duncan McKay, was a local boy, so I once

again contacted the county records office, using an official form this time, and applied for a death certificate. Once again, the request was for family records, and I posed as Richard's brother.

Ten days later, I received a form letter telling me that my request could not be filled. Suspecting that the news account was at fault, I returned to the cemetery, where Mrs. Maupassant greeted me like an old friend. I told her that I was now interested in another branch of my family, the McKays. I was apprehensive, fearing that she would begin to suspect my true motives, but instead she was apparently happy to find someone so interested in his family tree and so comfortable among the gravestones. She gave me a little map of the grounds on which she marked for my benefit the area reserved for the McKays.

Once again, the weather was dreary, if not to the cheerful Mrs. Maupassant, at least to me. Sleet and a gusty wind made my progress to the McKay's burial area very unpleasant going, especially as I got lost in a welter of McNamara and Dowdacre graves and thought for a time that Mrs. Maupassant had led me astray with her directions.

I should have known better than to doubt the worthy record keeper of Longview Cemetery! No sooner had I made the decision to go home and try a new tack with a hot toddy in hand than I stumbled into the McKay section -- section L, to be exact -- right where it was supposed to be.

It is not difficult to locate a child's grave. Either it is very ornate, with an angel or perhaps a dove, especially for an older child, or else it is the simplest of stones. In this case, I found the latter, a plain stone tablet lying flat in the rank grass, all overgrown, as if the family of little Richard had not been able to bring themselves to visit and care for his grave.

I had to push away a mass of brown, sodden leaves to read the words chiseled into the marble: Prichard Duncan McKay, 1/5/1946.

Prichard? Disregarding, as best I could, the sleet that was working its way down my collar, I flipped the pages of my

pocket notebook, looking for my notes. Stuck into the pad was the photocopy from the library, folded small. My fingers were numb, and I dropped the paper once or twice before I was able to read once again the *Daily Herald* obituary. Yes, it did say Richard. Also, the date of death was wrong, one day later than the stone recorded. I went back to Mrs. Maupassant.

Yes, isn't it a shame, how the newspapers so often got the facts wrong! But the Longview records had always been dependable. Uttering words to this effect in a soothing, clucking voice that had no doubt stood Mrs. Maupassant in good stead during her many years of dealing with the bereaved, the record keeper climbed a stepladder to locate the book she was after. Ah, yes, here it was -- M through Z, 1946. McKay, Prichard Duncan.

"Sad," she said, with the air of one who has seen sad things before. "Strangulation by the umbilical cord, stillborn. Poor thing! Never saw the light of day."

"I wonder," I said slyly, "if that's why Aunt Minnie has never been able to get a copy of the birth certificate. I mean, if he -- little Prichard -- was stillborn?"

Nothing along these lines could shock Mrs. Maupassant.

"Oh, absolutely," she confided, hefting the tomb tome again and climbing stiffly back up the ladder with it. "You know, when they're born dead, the birth certificate is pretty much, you know, a useless formality. Strangled! Right in the birth canal! By the umbilical cord! Well, it's just a shame ..."

Disappointed as I was that I would not be able to use this identity, I was not as downcast as one might suppose. The name Prichard did not appeal to me, especially as new acquaintances might call me "Prich."

Thanking her, I took my leave.



ROCK AND MIKE

Talk about a hungry ghost! If the souls of small children ever wander the earth, seeking a home -- and I have it on the authority of my Irish grandmother and a Vietnamese woman friend that they do -- then little Daniel Pierre Rochelle was definitely a restless, unsatisfied little spirit. Five days of watching your body lie in a crib while your parents wrangle over what to do with it could do that to a spirit. Couldn't it? I thought of this kid as Rocky, and I felt a bond with him. After all, he was born at almost the same time as I was, yet he died, senselessly, only five months later. We were both from Ohio.

Rocky's death certificate was absurdly easy to get. Even though I didn't know when he died (the article was vague on this score), the clerks in the Ohio records department very kindly made a search for me at no extra charge. I discovered from this document that his parents already had seven children at the time of Rocky's birth, one of whom had died, that his mother had married at the age of seventeen, and that his father had the occupation of "part-time bag hauler." More to the point, I found his correct birth date and his mother's maiden name: Marie Therese Dupree. Armed with this information, I wrote away for his birth certificate, and received it, all within the space of ten days!

The death certificate also included the coroner's report, stating that the infant had died of cerebral hemorrhage, with the contributing factor of exposure to cold. Child abuse? I

thought it probable. Now I could apply for a driver's license in a state that does not require a Social Security number, and then I could get a passport. (It is not mandatory to give your Social Security number when applying for a passport.) The nickname "Rocky" was infinitely superior to that of "Prich," but the vibes were bad. Call me superstitious if you will, but I felt the need for a backup ID.

This brought me to Michael DeLyon Hart. My luck had turned for the better, as I also received this death certificate within days of requesting it. I learned from this document that Michael was born in Manhattan, a very difficult place from which to procure a birth certificate, as New York requires that the hospital of birth be given as a prerequisite. I was not to be stopped, however, now that I had built up steam.

Returning to the public library, I found *The New York Times* microfilm for the month of little Mike's birth and searched the birth announcement columns. My guess was that parents who announced the death of their child in this paper had also announced his birth, and I was correct. I found the article, which told the hospital where the child was born!

I called the correct department in New York to find out how much to pay, and so on, and sent for the birth certificate. It arrived thirteen days later.

I hope that my experience with the infant death, or, more euphemistically, the classic method will be helpful to the alternate-ID seeker. After four months of effort, I now have passport photos for both Rocky and Mike, and will soon proceed to the next step: obtaining state ID and/or driver's licenses. After that, I plan to apply for a passport. As I stated at the beginning of this pamphlet, all of the documentation I receive will be authentic, properly stamped and authorized. I will have no forgeries to trip me up. My main problem, assuming that Rocky behaves himself, will be remembering my name!

All the best to you in acquiring your new ID!



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